1. Sir, your Queene must ouerboard, the sea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,

Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight
Most wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere she lyes sir.

Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water must orewhelme thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels: O *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Paper,
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Chest beneth the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. We are neere *Tharsus*.

Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.

Peri. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing: goe thy wales good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant.

Cery. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?

Cery. Get Fire and meate for these poore men,
T'as beene a turbulent and stormie night.

Serv. I haue beene in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.

Cery. Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cory. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea
Shooke as the earth did quake:
The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,
T'is not our husbandry.

Cery. O you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship
Hauing rich tire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golde slumber of repose; tis most strange
Nature should be so conuersant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneste and Riches;
Careleste Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:
T'is knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke:
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,

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